

## A WOMAN'S SPICY REVIEW.

What the "Tattler" of the Louisville Times say of Charles C. Moore's new book "Behind the Bars; 31498."

[Louisville Times.]

It seems strange that a Prohibitionist, like Editor Moore, of Lexington, should begin his new labors "Behind the Bars;" at least this is the title of his new book which he wrote when, like many other writers "sentenced to the pen." It purports to be a history of his life, but is a sort of Kentucky burgoe of facts and fancies as they appeared to the author. The special feature of the work which lends it interest to the reader of the day is the reference to many prominent men and women of the state, many of whom are alive, and some of whom will also be kicking when they stumble on various disclosures. There is one stately and decorous woman of my acquaintance Editor Moore mentions as a dear and valued friend from his youth up. He narrates a story of their visiting Mammoth Cave with a party, and while going through the cave the lady dropped an article of apparel. Picking it up, he bowed and handed it to her, saying, "Honi soit qui mal y pense." She thanked him, and, planting her foot on a rock dextrously snapped the buckle of the article, while her pretty blush turned the gray walls about her rosy as the inside of a watermelon.

An amusing account is given of the legal debut party of Col. Bob Woolley, of this city. One man had gone to another farm, cut down a bee tree and stolen the honey; thence came the suit which convulsed the country with giggles. Col. Woolley appeared for the defense and John C. Breckinridge for the prosecution. It is not stated how the suit ended, but it caused so much mirth that it served as the incubator of fame for the two lawyers. There is a special reference to "Castleton," now owned by Foxhall Keene, of New York, who put up a handsome granite monument to the memory of the famous horse, "Domino." Playing "Domino" was at one time a popular and profitable pursuit in this country.

It was at "Castleton" that Col. John B. Castleman of this city, and his sister Mrs. Eastin, were born and they are referred to most feelingly.

That old coat or shirt of mail story seems to have been a venerable chestnut way back in Henry Clay's time, for General Cassius Clay was accused of wearing such a garment in his fight with Sam Brown, a champion of slavery. The author goes on to moralize over the fact that Gen. Clay who did so much for the Negro, is now living in his native state, neglected and unhonored by the very race for which he carried his life in one hand and his bowie knife in the other.

Moore states that he told James Lane Allen the stories on which the foundation of his literary fame was built.

Allen was then a teacher, but had concluded to make a try for literary honors. Moore narrated an anecdote of an uncle who was very lenient as a master to his slaves, while a neighbor was just the reverse and always telling of any faults he knew of their commission. One day he rushed into state that while the negroes were all in the fields a rabbit ran past them and the entire lay out quit work to chase it.

"Well," exclaimed the owner of the rabbit chasers, "I'd have whipped every one of them if they hadn't." This and the tale of the old Major who came to the house to stay all night and made himself so fascinating that he stayed forty years, were the first fruits of Allen's pen. "The Choir Invisible" is mentioned as being a gem of English and also the most demoralizing book ever printed, a statement which will doubtless boom the sale of the book considerably.

Of Tom Marshall, the famous wit, he says one day Marshall, ragged and unkempt, and three sheets in the wind, was going along the streets in Versailles, Ky. when a handsomely dressed Federal officer standing with his soldiers was told that the man he saw close by was the celebrated Marshall. Advancing toward the Kentuckian and touching his hat courteously as if addressing a superior he said, "I believe I have the honor of addressing the Hon. Thomas Marshall, of Kentucky?"

"Yes," thundered Marshall, "you have the honor of addressing the Hon. Thomas Marshall of Kentucky, and I've got more sense than you and your whole regiment put together," a reply which does not speak well for the Hon. Thomas' courtesy.

Among others who figure in this book are Mrs. Josephine K. Henry, the Hon. John M. Atherton, Judge Simrall, the late Clarence Great-house, Editor Louis Pilcher of Nicholasville; Col. Samuel Stone, late candidate for Governor, and the family of Mrs. Virginia Thompson, of this city.

[Written for the BLUE GRASS BLADE.]  
Robert Ingersoll's Requiem.

JOHN PRESCOTT GUILD.

The superior man  
Has now passed from earth.  
His works still remain  
Which bespeak his true worth.

He taught gospel truth  
Yet by no bloody plan,  
But freedom for youth,  
For each woman and man.

He wanted the facts,  
Not a baseless belief  
He did noble acts  
For poor human's relief.

He strove not for place  
For great riches or fame,  
But highest in space  
Is our Ingersoll's name.

The dust unto dust  
We now sadly consign  
But hope bids us trust  
Lives his spirit divine.

Tyngsboro, Mass.

## A PHILIPPINE SOLDIER

Says "Moore Has Hit the Nail on the Head."

Pasig, Philippine Islands,  
Thursday, Nov. 30, 1899.  
Mrs. Josephine K. Henry, Versailles,  
Ky.:

Dear Friend—Our mutual friend, Mr. Albert Johnson, of San Francisco, has for some time been urging me to write you. I doubt whether I have any ideas of sufficient originality to repay perusal, or even power to readably phrase the few and futile products of the extremely limited amount of gray matter with which Nature has endowed me. I am more than anxious, however, while in voluntary exile, to get and keep in touch with those of light and learning in the United States who may by letters and literature prevent me from sinking into absolute intellectual stagnation.

I have just been let out of our Regimental Hospital, where I have lain the greatest part of this month suffering with a sharp attack of malarial fever, contracted in the trenches at Calamba where three companies of our Battalion are, and have been, for the past six weeks on the firing line. I am still very weak both in body and mind, so you must make due allowance on that account for occasional drivel in these pages. At the same time being excused from all duty the consequent ample leisure affords me an opportunity which may not come again of opening a correspondence to result in great profit and pleasure to myself should you feel inclined to reply to this.

Prior to my enlistment in the First Tennessee Volunteers in July '98, I had been clerking for several months in the Paper Covered Book Store of San Francisco, the only place in that Rome-ridden city keeping a stock of Freethought and Liberal publications and periodicals.

At that time, I confess, I took but meagre interest in the incessant and aggressive fight that you and other leaders of the Rationalist movement were waging against the Sun-myth and Phallic worship known today as Christianity. From natural tendencies, Anarchist philosophy of the extreme egoist type appealed to my reason. I argued in this wise: "To anybody with the least capacity for thinking religion is a mere ludicrous absurdity. A large number of people, chiefly women, with warped brains and low in the scale of intellectual development are so constituted that a ridiculous remnant of a primeval superstition appears a reality. These poor fools resent any attempt at enlightenment with obloquy abuse, social ostracism, and, when possible, more forcible measure. Let them stew in their own juice of bigotry and belief." My views in that respect have undergone a radical change from several causes. While in the regiment I found, to my surprise, boys who actually believed in the Bible from "kiver to kiver." In my ignorance I had thought that such specimens were as extinct as the Dodo. I am not given to making a martyr of myself for any cause however noble and seeing that remarks which might be construed as an attack on cherished beliefs "learned at mother's knee" would result in unpopularity, I judiciously refrained from discussing the subject. But at times, the matter was forced on me, and on such occasions, I am proud to state, there was enough of the British bull-dog in me for me to express myself on the Christian religion in good round Anglo-Saxon so that my hearers could not fail to understand my views on the subject. Lots of the boys listened with unspeakable horror at such blasphemies, and doubtless I would have experienced considerable unpleasantness in various ways but for redeeming vices which endeared me to the average Tennessean. It was felt that a man who could punish whiskey to the amount I showed myself capable of could not be utterly lost. Inebriety was regarded as an amiable peculiarity. I may mention that for several months I have now been a strict total abstainer.

Militarism is, I presume, one of the evils now threatening the American Republic, but speaking from experience soldiering for a year or so will straighten a man out as regards liquor, and active campaigning in the tropics is bound to keep the most intemperate sober—for the time being at any rate. Another incident which led me to appreciate the incalculable benefit to the community of Freethought work by pen and platform occurred in California in the fall of '98, just as our regiment was leaving for the Philippines. The preachers and priests were united in an unholy alliance to get the State Legislature to exempt all buildings devoted to religion from taxation. For some years past a most bitter feud had been raging between the A. P. A.'s and Catholics. Sometimes one side getting the upper hand sometimes the other. Of course whichever was temporarily on top would make things interesting for the under dog. But our Protestant Christians who had been shouting themselves blue, in the fall, denouncing convents and confessionals as wholesale brothels, and calling upon the State to suppress such dens of iniquity, then turned around and were willing for these same institutions to be freed from taxation even, so long as they (the P. C.) could get their share of public plunder by the same means. It's one thing to let Christians grovel slavishly before an Imagin'ry Deity, but beyond a joke when they try to make you pay for their side show.

In an issue of the BLUE GRASS BLADE that recently came to hand, Moore hits the nail on the head. He says in effect that until people's heads are emptied of religious rubbish it will be impossible for them to come to any reasonable conclusion as to the many pressing social and political problems requiring solution.

Take this Philippine question for instance. Religion has been dragged in on both sides. For the most part the preachers, who by the way, keep their carcasses at a safe distance from the firing-line, have been blowing about God sending America to the far Orient to open the door to civilization and Christianity, (of course their own particular brand). On the other hand Catholics as a whole curiously enough have bitterly opposed the subjugation and annexation of these islands, notwithstanding the fact that his Excellency Don Senor Emilio Aguinaldo, the duly elected President of the Philippine Republic is anathema maranatha. Over such territory as his sway was undisputed he took radical and decidedly effective measures to prevent the locust swarm of monks and friars from further debauchery.

You are I know one of the leaders of the anti-imperialists. My feelings on the subject are very much divided. My sympathies being strongly in favor of the Filipinos. I have the greatest admiration for Aguinaldo and consider him in every way a born genius. Before you commend me for my opinion I may mention that my hero-worship includes Aaron Burr, Napoleon III, Beaconsfield, Diaz, Blaine. Owing to something in my makeup I can't help liking the man who plays the game of life for big stakes and who, to quote Carlyle's description of Beaconsfield, "has no conscience, knows he has no conscience and is very well satisfied with the arrangement." Pope Pius, I think it was, who at the time Luther was hurling denunciations at the corruptions of the Catholic church, remarked blandly, "This is a very profitable superstition for us" comes far nearer my ideal than his opponent.

What have we Freethinkers got to do with morality anyway? Science is as silent about a code of ethics as about life hereafter. To me such conceptions as truth, justice, etc., are simply childish notions derived from Christian training. Expediency is the only consideration to determine action with a rational basis.

I regard this Philippine question from that point of view only. Sociology is as exact a science as Physics and Sociology is governed by the law of cause and effect just as rigidly as Physics. Now in Physics when we see a certain effect we look for the cause and calmly and dispassionately. If for instance one happens to be standing beneath a high building on the very spot on which a loose brick falls from that building, because one receives a more or less severe hurt one does not rail against the law of gravitation. So when we see the United States departing from its apparent traditional policy and by brute force crushing an infant Republic let us first try and find out the forces which have brought about this phenomenon, bearing always in mind that frequently it is not the apparent cause which produces a given effect but deep underlying forces.

The entrance of women into so many branches of industry formerly employing men only trends strongly in the same direction. Practically in nearly every branch of business and in the professions women are able to do the work as well as men, and cheaper. The men thus displaced will be driven into the one trade in which women (as yet) cannot compete, viz; fighting. Labor saving machinery, consolidations of various businesses like the large department stores and in fact everything which throws large masses of laborers out of employment all operate to create a large standing army. There are many other causes too numerous to mention. Finally, the growing antagonism between capital and labor and the feeling in the air that before long there is bound to be a death struggle between the haves and have nots naturally leads organized

wealth to seek to protect itself, and a war to annex territory is a good method to create and train large bodies of mercenary soldiers. Soldiering is a habit which grows on a man like liquor or opium and once acquired is as difficult to shake off. A few years in the army absolutely spoils one for any other occupation. It practically solves the problem of how to live without working. Food, clothing and a place to sleep being provided the pay simply represents gratification, the manner and amount according to the tastes of the individual. \* \* \*

I get papers sent me from England with greater frequency and regularity than those from the States. It is decidedly mirth provoking to read American comments condemning England's attack on the Transvaal and upholding our aggression in the Philippines. The two cases are parallel. England, however, did let the Boers alone for about 18 years, in fact until gold and the unfitness of the Boers for self-government were simultaneously discovered. We have not given the Filipinos even that much grace but have promptly acted as judge, jury and executioner on the question of their ability to form an independent nation.

In closing this letter today, Dec. 7, I would ask you to estimate my views herein expressed merely as the transient record of individual opinion. I hope you will find time to reply and anything forwarded in the line of periodicals will be highly appreciated by

Yours very sincerely,

MRS. HENRY'S

ARTICLE IN THE NEXT BLADE  
SEND IN YOUR ORDERS FOR  
EXTRA COPIES.

In the BLADE for February 18 there will be from Mrs. Josephine K. Henry, of Versailles, Ky. what I regard as the most valuable article ever printed in any newspaper.

The article shows that the story of the crucified savior, Jesus Christ of the Christians, is simply a revamp of the story of the crucified Saviour Krishna Jesus of the Hindoos, that was the religion of the Hindoos 1200 years before Jesus Christ is said to have been born.

I expect an extra large demand for the article. Please let me know at once, how many of the BLADES containing it at 2 cents each you want sent to you or to any addresses that you may give.

[From Lexington Leader.]

WARDEN COFFIN TO VISIT  
EDITOR MOORE.

The Honorable Warden E. G. Coffin, of the Ohio State penitentiary, will be a guest of Editor C. C. Moore, of The Blue Grass Blade, in Lexington May 1. Warden Coffin will be given a banquet at the Phoenix Hotel immediately upon his arrival here, he being taken directly from the train to that hostelry. Only a few of the immediate friends of Editor Moore will be present at the banquet, as the affair is to be a quiet one. The friends of Editor Moore have insisted upon showing the visiting Warden this courtesy.

From the hotel Warden Coffin will be driven to "Quakeracre," the heathen editor's attractive country home. Here he will remain for several days, during which time a brief trip to Frankfort may be made to inspect the State prison down there.

Editor Moore's distinguished visitor is over 70 years old, but in perfect state of preservation. He is hale and hearty and can get around, it is said, almost like a school boy. His trip to the Blue Grass is purely out of friendship to Mr. Moore and he feels that it will serve as a recreation for him from his arduous prison labors.

The Ohio State penitentiary is said to be the largest penal institution in the world. It contains 2,300 prisoners and covers twenty-seven acres of ground.

## PHOTOGRAPHS

Of Myself and "Quakeracre"  
and its Surroundings.

Two photographers of Lexington have done me the honor to take a variety of photographs of me, and my home and its surroundings, and they think it best to sell the pictures in partnership with me—half and half.

One of the artists copyrighted his pictures of me. Those of myself are cabinet size, full figure in penitentiary uniform, or bust 50 cts. and 8 by 10, full figure in prison uniform, or bust 50 cents each.

There are four different pictures of me of each of those sizes. Then there are six different pictures of "Quakeracre", our home, and scenes in its vicinity, that are 14 by 11 inches, all but one having in them pictures of my family and myself, Negro servants, old and young, dogs, etc. These are 50 cts. and will be mailed to any address post paid.

One of these latter pictures representing me standing on a large log in Elkhorn creek, with my dogs in the water so much like a fancy place that many people may believe it is such, but it is really only a photograph.

Persons wanting these please address.

Charles C. Moore.

## HEATHEN EDITOR

Has A Scheme, Mr. Moore's Proposition to the Ministers About a Paper.

Editor Moore, of The Blue Grass Blade, was asked by a Leader reporter today what he thought about Rev. Mr. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps," taking the Topeka Capital and running it as a religious daily paper for a week, said:

"I have seen the various notices of the scheme, and while I am not posted as to the details, the prima facie impression it made on my mind is that it is a good scheme for both parties. But in this connection there is one thing that I would be obliged to you if you would say for me through The Leader.

"I am very anxious to get a fair and impartial and intelligent discussion of the issue between Christianity and Rationalism before the general reading public. To show that I am willing to put the Christian argument before my people, I will give The Blue Grass Blade for any time, not to exceed one month, to the preachers of Lexington and fill it full of what they want to say, and not put into it one single word from anybody else, and I will pay every cent of the cost for sending it to all of my regular subscribers, which are 3,500, and to 1,000 more whose names the preachers may furnish to me. If in return for this any of them will allow me the use of any religious paper, or even approximately the circulation of The Blade, for even one week, to be edited by me, I will be obliged; but they may have my paper any how."

Low Grade of Education in Catholic Colleges.

Boston, Jan. 28.—A local paper published an interview with President Eliot, of Harvard, in which he reiterated the statement which he made in a recent magazine article that the Jesuit colleges teach the same today as they did two hundred years ago; that they had made no progress, and that with the exception of Georgetown University their graduates were not admitted to the Harvard law school without examination.

The infidel contention is that Catholic colleges, in order to keep the laity of "the church" in ignorance, are suppressing the scientific advancement of the age.

President Eliot seems to think the same way. Yet it is the Catholic church alone that is allowed to give its special religious instructions on the national grounds at West Point, and the Catholic church alone that has been allowed a representation, in the government, all the time, through the current, or late, Spanish war.

DROPPED DEAD.

Professor Mulcahy Dwyer Who Attempted to Strike a Divine Healer.

Butte, Mont., Dec. 9.—Professor Mulcahy, an old resident of Butte, formerly of Ogdensburg, N. Y., during a heated religious discussion with J. S. Charlebois, the divine healer, attempted to strike the latter and Charlebois called on God to protect him and Dwyer dropped dead.

The men were in the public library at the time. Charlebois, who is from Helena, is editor of a publication called "The Living Truth." During his discussion with Dwyer, he made the statement that he had read the figures "666" marked on the forehead of the pope, and Dwyer said they had an anti-Christ significance and called Charlebois a liar and made a rush for him with upraised hand to strike him. Charlebois says he stood up and called on God to protect him and before Dwyer could strike, he was dead. Dwyer was 68 years old.

Read that account there, as it goes the rounds of the Associated Press dispatches, and any body but the lowest order of Christian idiot will say it is a lie.

Remove the scene to Judea, 6,000 miles away, and 2,000 years ago, and make it to read that Ananias and Sapphira fell dead because they would not give up all their money to preachers, and then all the sky pilots in Lexington will want you put in the penitentiary, if you are intelligent and honest enough to say you don't believe it.

Re Judge Thompson.

New York, Jan. 22, 1900.

Charles C. Moore:—My Dear Sir:—Enclosed you will find \$1.50 for your book "Behind the Bars; 31498."

Without having seen the book I want to say on general principles that its publication cannot fail to do good. The exposure of such a rascally prank as Judge Thompson played upon you will be more effectual as a deterrent to other judges, who might be disposed to indulge in similar practices, than any form of punishment which might be inflicted upon Judge Thompson or which he might merit. I am not a believer in the efficacy of punishments. I do not think that any punishment ever did any body any good, and I would not punish Judge Thompson however much I detest his conduct.

The notion of punishment is a survival of the Christian doctrine of hell. The Christian tries to justify himself by sending somebody else to

hell. And this is what Judge Thompson tried to do in your case. He was willing to assume an appearance of utter respectability, not upon his own merits, but at your expense, and it is a matter of sincere congratulation that his dishonest effort was a failure. It is unfortunate that such efforts too frequently succeed. I trust that your book may do much to impress upon Judge Thompson and his brother judges the lesson that there can be no respectability without a basis of common honesty.

Yours with sincere respect,  
Ed. W. Chamberlain.

Charles City, Iowa, Jan. 23, 300.

Dear Sir and friend:—I send you herewith postal orders for "Behind the Bars."

I thank you for notifying me that the book was ready to be sent out. Sometimes these matters escape the memory until one becomes tardy with their duty of remitting. The story of your life cannot fail to be of interest to every Freethinker and I trust that the sales of the book may attest this fact.

Hoping that you may live long to do valiant service in the cause of freedom of thought, and to enjoy the best gifts that life has for the true and the good, I am,

Very Sincerely,  
ANNA B. MAHARA.

P. S.—My mother joins me in all good wishes.

Ripley, O., Jan. 25, 300.

Mr. C. C. Moore:—Dear Sir:—Find enclosed Post-office order for \$5.00.

Credit me with this, send me your account and your book "Behind the Bars."

Your imprisonment was an honor. John Brown was hung; William Lloyd Garrison mobbed and Sumner killed by a blow from a gutta percha cane.

You are 400 years in advance of the age in which you are living.

Yours truly,  
J. P. PARKER.

Saxton, N. Y., Jan. 29, '99.

C. C. Moore:—I have been taking the B. G. B. for two months, and must say that it suits my ideas exactly.

I am an ex-soldier of the Spanish-American war, and was with Gen. Miles' Div. in Porto Rico.

I also put in several months in different military hospitals and while there saw enough of American Chaplains to make me entirely disgusted with the whole business.

I have not been inside of a church for ten years, and won't be for another ten years, if I know it.

Yours for more light,  
M. C. SMITH.

Chicago Liberal Society.

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 16, '00.

Charles C. Moore:—Dear Sir:—Enclosed find a copy of the declaration of principles of the Chicago Liberal Society. This society has recently been organized in this city and is already meeting with great success.

Thomas B. Gregory lectures before us every Sunday morning at Masonic Temple. He is a man of force and character who is doing much to promote the cause of Free Thought in the West. Will you kindly give this Society a notice in the pages of your BLUE GRASS BLADE. Yours Very truly,  
ROBERT N. REEVES.

Circleville, Ohio, Jan. 29, 1900.

Charles C. Moore:—Dear Sir:—My subscription expires February 1. Enclosed find \$1.00 for the coming year. Your paper is excellent. I read it through before I quit. Grier Kidder is immense. Send me 50 of the 40,000 edition. I have to be a little careful; this is a Christian town. They call me "that big Doctor woman." I go to some of the churches.

Regards to yourself and Mrs. Moore. Respectfully,  
DR. ESTHER A. VAN RIPPER.

Louisville, Ky., Jan. 24, 1900.

Dear Bro. Moore:—Find enclosed \$1.00 for the BLADE. I will send for "Behind the Bars" in a few weeks. The last BLADE is immense, I have loaned it to seven parties already, and will give it to some more of my friends. They all say they will send for your book "Behind the Bars."

I received a paper from a preacher I sent him that paper with all the preachers' names and crimes in it. He can read it at his leisure.

Yours truly,  
JOHN W. WALSH.

## THE FALLACIES OF FAITH

As promulgated by two Methodist preachers—namely, Rev. E. W. Alderson and Rev. Horace Bishop—discussed and refuted by Persius. A neat pamphlet, 62 large pages and big type. Price, by mail, 15 cents. Address R. PETERSON, P. O. box 285, Paris, Texas.